

## Thalos 225

### Chapter 225

Chaos was boundless.

The turbulent, murky flows of energy pounded ceaselessly against the barriers of the Ginnungagap world.

After nearly twenty years of refinement under Thalos, the Ginnungagap world had undergone dramatic transformation.

If one could gaze upon it from an overhead perspective—excluding the pathfinder Kraken II at the forefront—Ginnungagap now looked vaguely like a massive octopus. Countless roots of varying sizes stretched out like a bushy beard probing the void, some tendrils reaching lengths of over ten thousand kilometers.

Behind the roots lay the reconstructed strata of Luludanitu.

After slaying an entire pantheon's worth of sky gods, each deity under Thalos who held a corresponding divine role had seen massive increases in power. Thalos had painstakingly gathered the shattered fragments of the Luludanitu strata, scattered throughout the chaotic cosmos.

Recovering 100% was impossible, but reclaiming seventy to eighty percent? That much, he had done.

These fragments, like cracked eggshells, could no longer provide their original, near-perfect barrier effect. But pieced together and reinforced by the world tree's roots, they now formed a massive, hemisphere-shaped spiked shell—something akin to a gigantic caltrop.

Though it couldn't completely fend off chaotic energy erosion, it could at least prevent another world from ramming straight into Ginnungagap, like what happened last time with Niflheim.

Thalos wasn't one to take risks. He didn't place these reinforced strata fragments only on one side. Five massive shards were positioned in front of Asgard and to its upper, lower, left, and right flanks.

For additional security, eighteen smaller strata shards were stationed in the middle layers, forming an enhanced defensive net.

These fragments, synchronized with the world's will, could be mobilized as emergency maneuvering components.

The second layer was Ginnungagap's "ammunition bay." Corrupted fragments of the Slavic world, those portions too tainted to be absorbed, were reforged into massive spikes designed to impale any invading world.

The third layer was the former Sumerian Heaven.

It had been preserved as faithfully as possible, infused with just enough divine power to maintain basic functionality.

A fake heaven.

If enemies ever reached it, they would be misled into thinking it was the true divine realm—a trap waiting to snap shut.

Moreover, this false Sumerian heaven fully enveloped Ginnungagap's inner realm, concealing the true divine heart—Asgard, positioned like a "tail" from a top-down view.

Moving forward, the fourth layer was the new entry point into Ginnungagap. But what awaited would be the newly forged lower world, with the Sumerian continent at its core.

By merging worlds, Thalos had essentially reforged half of Ginnungagap—his absolute limit for now.

As for divine gains, those gods who had slain counterparts with matching domains had seen immense growth.

Even within the same "sky god" role, power could vary wildly.

Simple: one god presided over a smaller sky, another over a vaster firmament. The one with the broader domain naturally had the stronger divine power.

Notably, Thalos discovered he had inherited the wind element domain.

The Aesir had no dedicated wind god, so after eliminating Enlil, the wind domain defaulted to him. However, he didn't hoard it.

He split the wind's power, giving Thor a considerable share—since wind encompassed thunder.

If Thor wished, he could now become a thunder-wielding demigod, firing off "biubiubiu" lightning bolts at will.

Unfortunately, some warriors are set in their ways.

Thor was used to using his body to smash through foes. Asking him to suddenly switch from frontline berserker to a ranged spellcaster god was a tall order.

Forcing the change would only rob him of his natural strengths.

Thalos didn't want him to become like Gandalf either—only capable of minor "illumination spells" before charging headlong into melee.

Next in line for gains was Freyr. After killing the Sumerian sun god Utu, his Sun domain doubled in strength.

Thalos didn't even need to intervene—Freyr voluntarily ceded part of this power to Cú Chulainn, the "Child of Light." At this point, as long as Cú Chulainn received an official divine title, he'd be a full-fledged god—or at least a demigod.

Technically, this move encroached upon Baldur's domain as the god of light. But since it was spoils of war, Baldur—who contributed nothing in the last battle and got pummeled by Ishtar—had no grounds to complain.

Meanwhile, after slaying the Sumerian god Marduk, every Aesir with a War domain—Thalos, Thor, Tyr—all saw boosts in power.

Ten more years passed.

Gilgamesh, age eighteen.

And then, without warning, the day of his first battle arrived.

On that day, Thalos sensed a disturbance.

The Kraken II probe—designated cannon fodder—detected a narrowing in the world-channel ahead.

"Hmm?" Thalos immediately used his Sky domain to simulate the channel in his mind.

In the past, though Ginnungagap followed cosmic ocean currents like a boat adrift at sea, there was always an infinite, unbounded sense of space.

This time was different.

With maximum sensory output, Thalos confirmed: ahead lay something akin to a massive underground river.

Ginnungagap could enter it. And from the acceleration of ocean currents pressing from above, below, and the sides, it was evident that the world would soon be flowing into a tunnel—one likely no more than a million kilometers wide.

The worst part? Thalos couldn't easily refuse.

Sure, he could stop Ginnungagap and anchor it in place—resisting the current.

But the cost? Draining the world's entire energy reserves.

Short-term expenditure might not be a big deal—but over decades? Centuries?

How could Ginnungagap afford to remain idle at the edge of this current forever?

Clearly impossible.

Thalos gathered the gods and revealed this development. He didn't even need to assign roles.

Enki stepped forward of his own accord and bowed. "Your Majesty, I believe we have no choice but to proceed."

"Explain."

"We must go forward eventually. Better to enter while the world still has abundant energy—meeting the fated enemy at full strength—than enter later, exhausted and depleted."

Enki spoke sensibly. And naturally, the more belligerent gods couldn't wait.

Thor and the others had gleaming eyes, yearning for the next divine war.

Every non-Aesir-aligned god hoped that a new war would elevate their faction's status.

Thalos swept his gaze across the hall, seeing nothing but fervent, eager eyes.

He nodded. "Very well, then. We go in."

Seven days later, they discovered an entirely new, parallel cosmic ocean current.